

America. They did not speak a word of English and he did not speak Chinese, but it did not deter Mychal. Within a few minutes he was handing out blankets, coffee and telling jokes. And they laughed. An immigration officer warned him of the dangers of disease from the men—tuberculosis, hepatitis. Mychal said thank you, ignored the warning and continued on as he was inclined to do. We returned home to Manhattan later that morning and ate an enormous breakfast, “Mychal, you’re a bright guy. They could be very sick.” To which he replied: “When I travel half way round the world I get a blanket and a cup of coffee. They’re our guests and they deserve no less. They only want what we were born into.” As usual Mychal had done good things.

Maybe we know why: A few days after July 4th, our daughters Blanche and Veronica, eight and six, received a handwritten note addressed to them. Blanche recognized the distinctive note paper and handwriting and read to her sister at the kitchen table: “Friday evening, July 6, 2001, 10:00 p.m. My dearest Blanche and Veronica Felicity. Earlier this evening I walked to the new walk along the Hudson-Little West 12th Street to the Battery. It is a wonderful promenade and a great place for Bladders—Someday both of you will be most proficient at that and you’ll be there often.” And they will.

The letter continued: “I sat and gazed at Lady Liberty—so majestic with her torch burning brightly and thought of the great feelings of joy and happiness and hope that my mother and father experienced when they saw her as their boat came into New York Harbor—it was their dream come true. 1921—oh so long ago. They had no idea of all the blessings and a few sorrows that lie ahead of them. They were so brave and had such faith and trust in God, that, that he brought them to these shores and that he would care for them.”

The note paper and the distinctive penmanship were those of Mychal Judge, friar and firefighter. And it was then when I heard our oldest daughter read these simply eloquent words to our youngest daughter that I began to understand Mychal’s rush to the Rockaways.

As he and the late Captain Grethel and late Firefighter Weinberg raced down Seventh Avenue did Mychal think about his little rollerbladers, Blanche and Veronica? Did his mind rush back to pleasant barbecues and lasagna dinners in Northern New Jersey? Did he think of the woman who came to this church and presented Father John Pierce with a tiny American flag in honor of Mychal who had guided her so well when she lost her son last year or of Erin or Dymphna and the prospect of a trip to see them in Maryland, reading books and just talking? Of the people he had not yet met who would need his services at the friary that day upon his return? Of how he could be made an instrument of peace or consolation or harmony?

Or as he pondered the blazing twin towers and the desperate New Yorkers ending their suffering by jumping sometimes arms linked from the inferno, did he try to summon and recreate the innocent but great feelings of joy and happiness and hope that his parents felt when they saw the Lady in the Harbor?

We’ll not know the answer on this earth. But we do know that Mychal died as he lived and as his parents lived—bravely, having such faith and trusting God and loving this land that God made.

Mychal, you taught so many of us that we can only be enslaved, victimized or terrorized by our demons if we so consent. In the coming months we will call upon your memory and your inspired example of faith, sacrifice and determination and rely upon your prayers to help strengthen and console and raise all of us up. Today, from the well of our

sorrow filled with the bitter tears of our loss, we will tend to our garden, emboldened by the faith and trust in God you exemplified and from which the joy and happiness and hope you aspired to will flower again. In an even more resplendent but Mychal Judge less American century.●

TRIBUTE TO COL. CYRIL R. RESCORLA

(At the request of Mr. DASCHLE, the following statement was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.)

● Mr. CORZINE. Madam President, on the 6-month anniversary of a terrible tragedy, I wish to honor a man whose unfaltering courage and generous spirit showed the world the best of humanity, Colonel Cyril Richard Rescorla.

On September 11, our Nation was attacked in ways none of us ever thought possible. Many Americans have been affected profoundly by these events, and I grieve with all of those who have lost loved ones. At the same time, I have been heartened to see, in the midst of such destruction and despair, a nation united.

On that fateful day, Colonel Rescorla led thousands to safety before his own death in the south tower of the World Trade Center. But valiant service to his country was nothing new to Rick, as he was known to his family and friends. A decorated veteran, he served in Vietnam as a platoon leader in the 2nd Battalion, 7th Cavalry, inspiring awe in fellow soldiers and earning the reputation of a “battlefield legend.” As a testament to his bravery, Rick’s image is forever immortalized on the cover of *We Were Soldiers Once . . . And Young*, the book by Lieutenant General Harold G. Moore and Joseph L. Galloway that has been made into the recently released movie “*We Were Soldiers*.” Unwavering in even the most horrific situations, Rick gave his men courage in battle, and provided comfort and safety to his civilian colleagues in both attacks on the World Trade Center.

As Vice President for corporate security at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter & Co., Rick devised the evacuation plans for the World Trade Center and, in the 1993 bombing, ensured that everyone had evacuated before he would leave the building. A testament to his selfless generosity, Rick’s colleagues are sure he would have been the last person out of the building on September 11 if the situation had been different.

Rick’s altruism extended into every corner of his life. As husband, father, son, friend, and teacher, Rick faced even chronic illness with humility and valor. His life serves as a model of heroism. May his honored memory be a constant reminder of America’s great courage and resolve.●

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

TRIBUTE TO MARILYN SEICHTER

● Mr. DODD. Madam President, I am saddened today to hear about the death of a great citizen of Connecticut,

Marilyn Seichter, who passed away on Feb. 10 of Huntington’s Disease. As the first female head of both the State bar association and the State Ethics Commission, she was a pioneer for women in the legal profession. Her brilliant career and life came to an end far too early, at the age of 56.

Marilyn Seichter earned her law degree from the University of Connecticut in 1970, and went on to practice family law for 25 years as a partner with the law firm of Hyman, Cantor, Seichter and Klau in Hartford. She spent her career fighting for women, children and families in Connecticut.

In 1971, fresh out of law school, she joined a team of lawyers in bringing an abortion rights case against the State of Connecticut. This case had a profound influence on the Supreme Courts decision in *Roe vs. Wade*. Later in her career, she represented the National Organization for Women in a lawsuit to stop newspapers from distinguishing between jobs for men and jobs for women in help wanted sections.

Marilyn Seichter’s accomplishments include serving as president of the Connecticut Women’s Education and Legal Fund, and as a member of an ad hoc committee to advise Governor Ella Grasso on judicial appointments.

I would like to express my condolences to her sister-in-law, Jacqueline Seichter; her niece, Deborah Seichter; her nephew, Daniel Seichter; and her grandnephew, Jacob Seichter; as well as her many close friends and admirers. She was truly one of Connecticut’s treasures, and she will be missed.●

THAKSIN’S THIN SKIN

● Mr. MCCONNELL. Madam President, the crackdown on foreign reporters in Thailand is both troubling and disheartening. While I am pleased with the decision of Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra to allow reporters from the Far Eastern Economic Review to remain in Thailand, damage to that country’s reputation as a democratic enclave in a neighborhood of oppressive regimes has already been done.

The task now before the Prime Minister is to rebuild the confidence of the world’s democracies—and in particular America—that he respects the rule of law and freedoms of speech and thought.

As former chairman and now ranking member of the Foreign Operations Appropriations Subcommittee, I have tried to encourage a variety of independent media programs throughout Southeast Asia and the former Soviet Union. In fact, I have been proud to dedicate funding to a program run by Western Kentucky University’s award winning school of journalism which provides professional training to foreign journalists. I would suggest that there are some Thai government officials who would benefit from Western’s tutelage on the import of a free and open press in a democracy.